



ADULTS
\$100
ONLY!

SLOW DEATH

NO.7



SLOW DEATH



Another Art Carbunkle scan.

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PROLOGUE: EARLY MORNING IN A DENVER SALOON FINDS TWO CITIZENS SERIOUSLY HUNG OVER.



WHAT'S TH' MATTER? DIDN'T YOU SEE THOSE BODIES WE BROUGHT IN YESTERDAY? INNOCENT WOMEN AND CHILDREN, BUTCHERED LIKE THAT? DON'T IT MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT?!

I SAW 'EM... HORRIBLE...

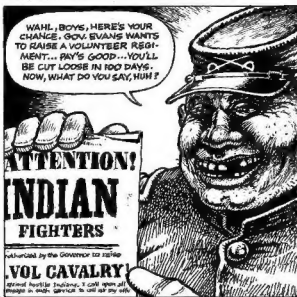
MURDERIN' REDSKINS..



SAY, HOW'D YOU BOYS LIKE TO KILL A FEW INJUNS?



WAHL, BOYS, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE. GOV. EVANS WANTS TO RAISE A VOLUNTEER REGIMENT... PAY'S GOOD... YOU'LL BE CUT LOOSE IN 100 DAYS. NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY, HUM?



Authorized by the Governor to raise

VOL CAVALRY!

against hostile Indians. I can open all saloons in state. Gentlemen, I will aid my men.

...AND... WE GIT TO DIVV UP TH' LOOT!! EH? HORSES, MULES, PELTS, EH? AND I HEAR SOME OF THEM CHEYENNE WIMMEN JEST LOVES WHITE STUFF. HOW BOUT THAT?

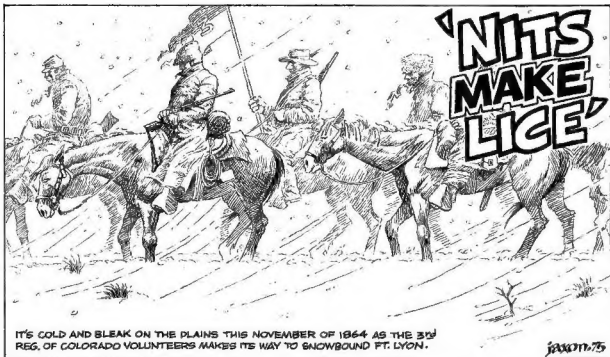
THEY CRAVE IT ALL TH' TIME, I HEAR... SNICKER

EVER HAD ANY OF THET INJUN PUSSY, HUM? HAW HAW



YOU BETCHA! CORPORAL, SHOW THESE GENTS WHERE TO SIGN... BARTENDER, A DRINK FOR COLORADO'S FINEST!!





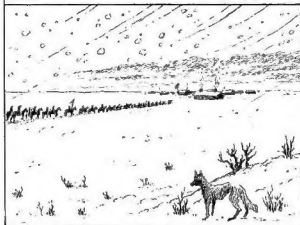
SO COLD THAT SLUG AFTER SLUG OF CHEAP WHISKEY FAILS TO WARM THEIR INNARDS.



YES IT'S COLD, BUT NOT COLD ENOUGH TO FREEZE THE AMBITIONS OF THE BEAR-LIKE EX-METHODIST PREACHER THAT LEADS THIS MOTLEY CREW, BECAUSE TIME IS RUNNING OUT FOR COL. J.M. CHIVINGTON, AND HE IS NOT A MAN TO LET OPPORTUNITY SLIP BY.

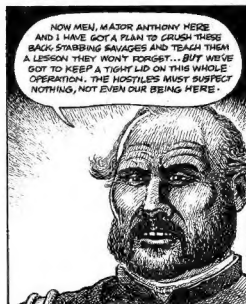
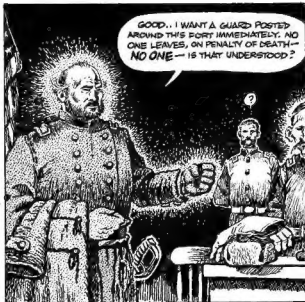


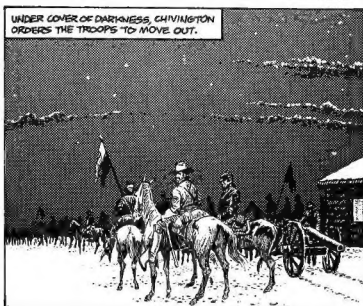
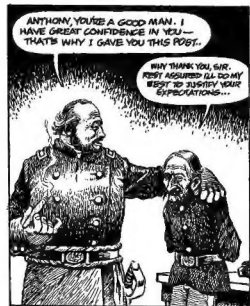
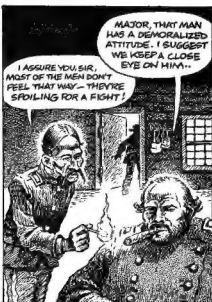
CHIVINGTON! THE MAN WHO, DISDAINING A "PRAYING COMMISSION", BLOCKED THE WAY TO THE REBS IN NEW MEXICO AND RETURNED TO DENVER A CONQUERING HERO.



A MAN WHO WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO BOLSTER HIS FALLING POLITICAL STOCK, AND AS EVERYBODY IN THE COLORADO TERRITORY KNOWS, THERE'S NO WAY TO DO THAT LIKE KILLING INDIANS.







AS THE GREY WINTER DAWN BREAKS OVER SAND CREEK, THE CHEYENNES REST SNUGLY IN THEIR ROBES, CONFIDENT OF THEIR ABSOLUTE SAFETY.



HOOFES DRUMMING ON THE SAND FLATS WAS THE ONLY WARNING OF SOMETHING A'MISS...



AS THE ALARM GOES OUT, BRAVES STUMBLE, HALF-DRESSED, FROM THEIR WARM BEDS...



THE TRADER, GREY BLANKET SMITH, AND HIS MILITARY ESCORT FROM FT. WEN ARE AS ASTONDED AS THE INDIANS AT THE SIGHT THAT GREETS THEIR SLEEP BEFUDDED EYES.



REALIZING THE TROOPERS' DEADLY INTENT, SMITH AND PVT. LOUDERBACK TURN AND BOLT FOR THEIR TENT.



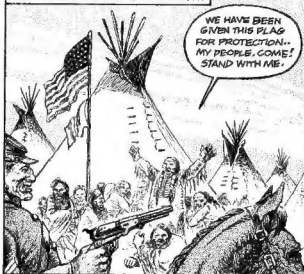
THE SOLDIERS CHARGE AND THE CHEYENNES SCATTER, LIKE A COVEY OF FRIGHTENED QUAIL.



BLACK KETTLE, ALARMED BUT STILL TRUSTING, TRIES TO CALM HIS PEOPLE AND GATHER THEM TOGETHER...



..UNDER HIS HUGE AMERICAN FLAG, A GIFT FROM GREAT FATHER LINCOLN.



AS BULLETS GOUGE INTO THE HUDDLED MASS AROUND BLACK KETTLE'S LODGE, WHITE ANTELOPE SINGS HIS DEATH SONG..

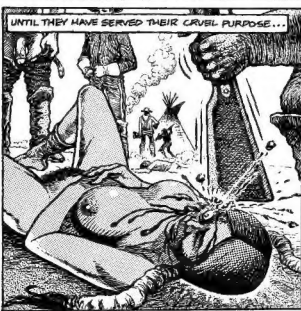


..UNTIL A SHOT ENDS HIS LIFE.



THEN THE CARNAGE BEGINS...





..AND RENDERED UP GRISLY MEMENTOS TO THE
VALOR OF THE THIRD COLORADO VOLUNTEERS.



SOME SOLDIERS, LIKE CAPT. SOULE, POWERLESS TO
STOP THE BUTCHERY, WANDER ABOUT IN A DAZE...



...UNABLE TO BELIEVE THE INHUMANITY THAT ASSAULTS THEIR SENSES.



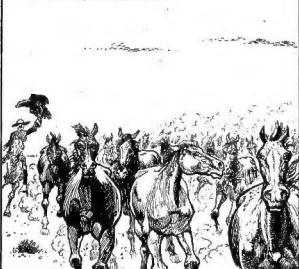
SAD DAY THIS, WARRIORS OF THE CHEYENNE,
FOR YOU TO BE AWAY, HUNTING THE BUFFALO...



..AS THE SCALPING KNIVES REAP THEIR GRIM HARVEST
AMONG YOUR ELDERS, YOUR WOMEN, YOUR CHILDREN...



..AS YOUR PONY HERDS ARE ROUNDED
UP TO SERVE NEW MASTERS...



... AS YOUR ROBES, FELTS AND OTHER THINGS OF VALUE
TO THE WHITEMAN ARE PILED HIGH BY GREEDY HANDS...



... AND THE REST CONSIGNED TO FLAMES.



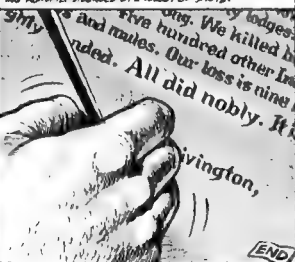
EXULTING IN THE GORE, J.M. CHIVINGTON SPINS POLITICAL
DREAMS, ALREADY IN HIS MIND RECEIVING THE ACCOLADES
OF A GRATEFUL CONSTITUENCY BACK IN DENVER.



EXCUSE ME, SIR,
BUT COMPANY C JUST
BOUGHT IN A BATCH
OF PRISONERS -



VAGUELY ANNOYED AT THE STUPIDITY OF SERGEANTS, CHIVINGTON
RETURNS TO HIS REPORT, TOTALLY OBVIOUS TO THE SCREAM-
ING ABRUPTLY SILENCED BY A VOLLEY OF SHOTS.





A
MUSSLEMAN
PIRATE-CHIEF
of the Barbary Coast

who captured great wealth
from ships and cities along
the coast of Africa

1725

FUCKY-FUCKY?



CAPT Edward Teach, *alias*
BLACKBEARD

·1718·



©Irons 74

A NOTORIOUS & SANGUINARY ROGUE WHO
PERPETRATED INDOLENCES UPON HUMANITY AT LARGE..

ANNE BONNY & MARY READ

1729

Two Famous Pirates of the Four Seas

IF 'ED FUGHT LYKE MAN, 'E NEEDN'T HA DIED LYKE DOG!





HERE'S A TRUE TALE FROM THE
CLOSING ACT OF WORLD WAR ONE...
ARMISTICE: 1918
... I WAS ON ARTILLERY WITH THE U.S. FIRST
ARMY DURING THE MEUSE-ARGONNE OFFENSIVE.

ART BY JOHN EDGAR
THANKS TO
BEN DICAPRIO
FOR THE STORY

BUT AS THE HOUR OF 11 CAME AND PASSED...

C'MON ALF! ONE
MORE ROUND!
WHAT THE HELL!

TELL THE FOLKS BACK
HOME YA FIRED THE
LAST SHOT!



WELL, WE ALL KNOW THE GOOD OLD AMERICAN SPIRIT
OF COMPETITION! EACH GUN TEAM WANTED FOR
ITSELF THE "HONOR" OF FIRING THE LAST SHOT OF
THE WAR! AND SO THE SHELLING WENT ON FOR THE
REST OF THAT DAY... AND INTO THE NIGHT!!



WE HAD BEEN SHELLING DEEP INTO THE
GERMAN LINES, PUSHING THEM SLOWLY
BACK UP THE MEUSE RIVER....



TO US YANKS, THIS WAS THE TOUGHEST
FIGHTING SINCE ENTERING THE WAR!



... OFFICERS WERE FORCED TO PULL THE CREWS OFF THEIR CANNON AT GUNPOINT!!



YOU THERE! OPEN
THAT BREECH AND
STAND ASIDE!

BUT SOMEBODY WOULD ALWAYS SNEAK BACK DRUNK AT NIGHT TO FIRE ONE MORE ROUND

THEN, AROUND DAWN ON THE MORNING OF
NOVEMBER 11th, WORD CAME DOWN THE LINE...

IT'S OVER! THE WAR'S OVER!
GERMANY HAS SIGNED AN
ARMISTICE AND ALL HOST-
ILITIES ARE TO CEASE AT
ELEVEN THIS MORNING!!

LORD JESUS!
THAT'S LESS THAN
5 HOURS AWAY!!



THE NEWS WAS SO UNEXPECTED, SO ABRUPT,
THAT MEN STARED DUMBLY, SOME WEEPING,
SOME PRAYING....



... THEN, A RAUCOUS CHEER WENT UP...

CAUSE OF OUR EXCESSIVE ZEAL, THE WAR DIDN'T END AT THE ELEVENTH
HOUR OF THE ELEVENTH DAY OF THE ELEVENTH MONTH ON THE FRONT
BETWEEN THE ARGONNE FOREST AND THE MEUSE RIVER ..

AND IT REQUIRED SEVERAL ORDERS FROM INCREASINGLY
HIGHER ESCHELONS BEFORE THE SHELLING CEASED....
DAYS AFTER THE ENEMY LAID DOWN THEIR ARMS!!



AWW, QUIT
BITCHING,
ADOLF!



EDGAR 76



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CLOSING ACT OF WORLD WAR ONE...

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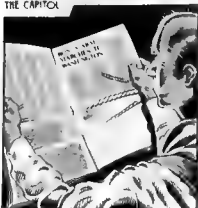
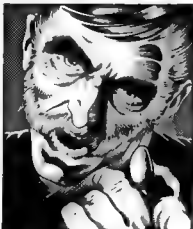
AWAY, GUIT
BITCHING,
ADD. F.

EDGAR 76

HI KIDDIES, IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER HISTORY LESSON SIX YEARS AFTER WWI, A HARD-FOUGHT "BONUS BILL" WAS PASSED TO COMPENSATE THE VETERAN FOR HIS TIME LOST WHILE FIGHTING IN THE TRENCHES OF EUROPE. THE ONLY PROBLEM WAS THAT THE EX-DOUGHBODYS COULD NOT COLLECT ANY CASH UNTIL 1945

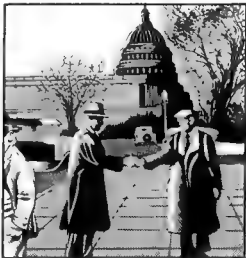
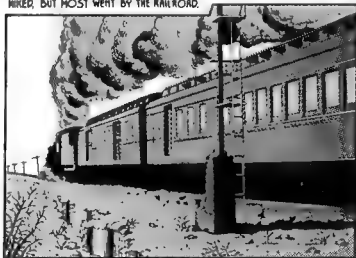
SPRING 1932, THE HEART OF THE DEPRESSION. WRIGHT PATMAN PLEADS WITH HIS FELLOW CONGRESSMEN TO VOTE FOR IMMEDIATE CASH PAYMENT FOR THE COUNTRY'S HARD-PRESSED YETS

AT THE SAME TIME, VETERANS IN PORTLAND, OREGON, DECIDE TO MARCH TO WASHINGTON, D.C. IN AN ATTEMPT TO PRESSURE CONGRESSMEN TO VOTE FOR A CASH PAYMENT FOR THEM. DUE TO NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY, A MOVEMENT STARTS. ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, BONUS SEEKERS HEAD FOR THE CAPITOL



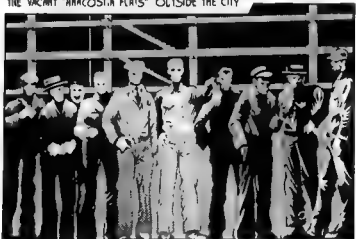
THE VETERANS, OR "BONUS EXPEDITIONARY FORCE", AS THEY SOON CAME TO BE CALLED, TRAVELED TO WASHINGTON BY CAR, OR WALKED OR HITCHHIKED, BUT MOST WENT BY THE RAILROAD.

SOON, ABOUT 20,000 DEP. MARCHERS CAMPED IN AND AROUND WASHINGTON

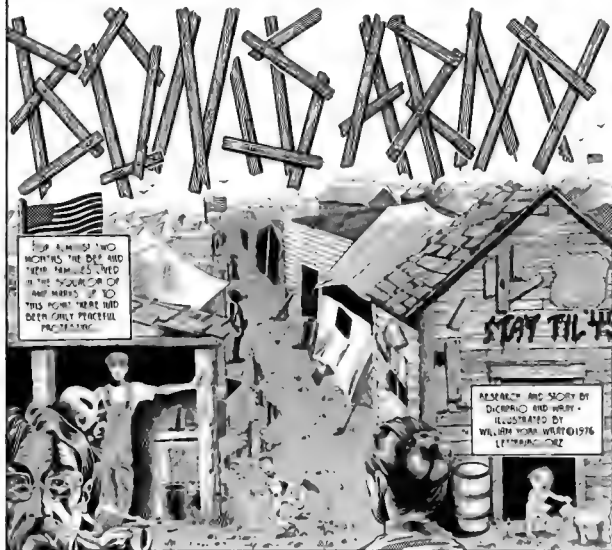


AS THE MARCHERS STARTED TO ARRIVE, THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT REFUSED TO "RECOGNIZE" THE INVASION. THE ONLY ONE WILLING TO TAKE ANY RESPONSIBILITY WAS THE NEW CHIEF OF POLICE, BRIGADIER GENERAL PHILHAM D. GLASSFORD

GLASSFORD SET UP A CENTRAL CAFETERIA AND ESTABLISHED A FUND-RAISING CAMPAIGN FOR THE NEEDY YETS. HE FIRST HOUSED THE DEP. IN PARTIALLY DEMOLISHED FEDERAL BUILDINGS AROUND THE CITY. WHEN THESE SITES PROVED INADEQUATE, HE SETTLED THE OVERFLOW INTO THE VACANT "ARACOSTA FLATS" OUTSIDE THE CITY



THACOSTA PLAYS THIS MOTLEY COMMUNITY KNOWN AS CAMP MARKS BECAME A TEMPORARY HOME FOR THE.



JULY 28, 1932 UNDER ORDERS FROM THE HOOVER ADMINISTRATION, CHIEF GLASSFORD BEGAN TO EVACUATE THE PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE BUILDINGS HELD BY THE DEB. THE POLICE ENCOUNTERED LITTLE RESISTANCE UNTIL ABOUT NOON.

SHORTLY THEREAFTER, SEVERAL THOUSANDS OF ANGRY VETS FROM CAMP MARKS ARRIVED.

A GROUP OF MEN WALKED UP TO THE POLICE LINE AND WERE MET BY GLASSFORD AND ONE OF THE OFFICERS. A MAN IN THE FOREFRONT TREN YOUNG OFF THE OFFICER'S BADGE.



AND STRUCK HIM!



ANOTHER MAN ATTACKED AN OFFICER. THEN BRICKS AND STONES BEGAN TO
FLY IN THE DARK NIGHTS



GLASSFORD HIMSELF STOPPED THE FIGHTING BY
PHYSICALLY SEPARATING SOME OF THE
COMBATANTS



AT ABOUT 4:45 PM. A MOB OF BOMBS
MEN BEGAN TO FORCE THEIR WAY BACK
THE WAY OF THE JUST EVICTED
BUILDINGS



MORE FIGHTING BROKE OUT. A POLICE
MAN WHO WAS BEING CRUSHED AND
CLUMBED STARTED TO SEIZE HIMSELF FREE



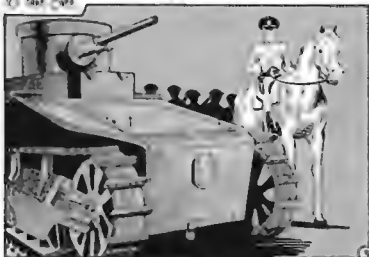
AND AS YET ANOTHER VE' CAME TOWARD
HIM



WITH THE FIRST SHOT THE OTHER OFFICERS
STARTED TO FIRE THE BEE MEN SCATTERED IN ALL
DIRECTIONS



UNKNOWNST TO CHIEF GLASSFORD THE ARMY HAD BEEN PREPARING FOR
SEVERAL DAYS TO EVICT THE BEE FROM WASHINGTON. AT ABOUT 4 O'CLOCK,
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ORDERED TRUCKS LED BY GEN. BENJAMIN HARTWELL
TO TAKE OVER



MACARTHUR LED THE CHARGE. SIDERS
DRAWN



BEFORE BAYONET AND TEAR GAS, ACTIVE
RESISTANCE FADED



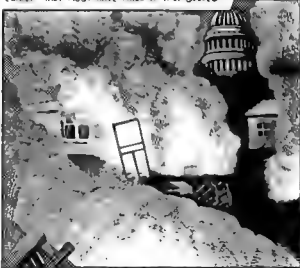
AFTER A DINNER BREAK, MACARTHUR
GAVE THE BEE ONE HOUR TO
EVACUATE CAMP HARRIS



WITH REFUGEES STILL LEAVING THE SOLDIERS SET FIRE TO
THE CAMP



WHEN ASKED "WHO FIRED THE CAMPS?" THE GENERAL REPLIED,
CURTLY "THEY MUST HAVE FIRED IT THEMSELVES"



WITH TEARS RUNNING DOWN HIS
FACE FROM THE GAS THE GENERAL
TOLD REPORTERS



IT WAS A GOOD
JOB, QUICKLY DONE
WITH NO ONE
INJURED

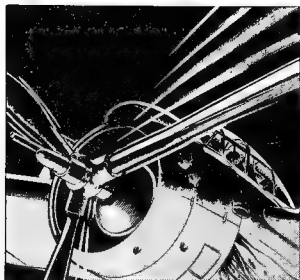
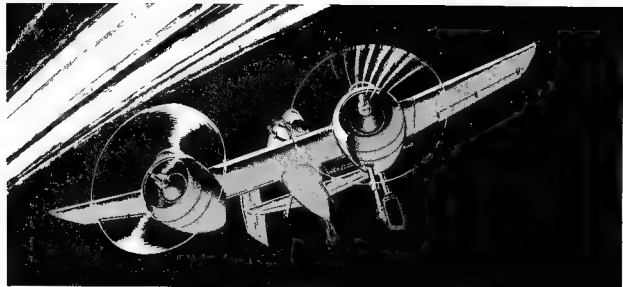
THE DAY AFTER THE "BATTLE OF WASHINGTON," TWO
HUNDRED ALLEGED "RADICALS" WERE MARCHED THROUGH
THE STREETS AND EXPELLED FROM THE DISTRICT. MANY
OF THOSE ARRESTED HAD NO CONNECTION WITH
THE BEE



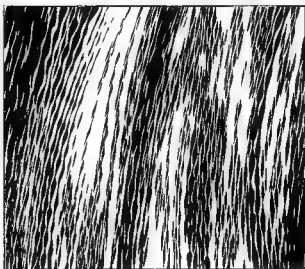
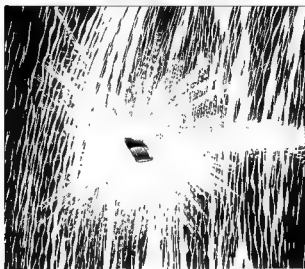
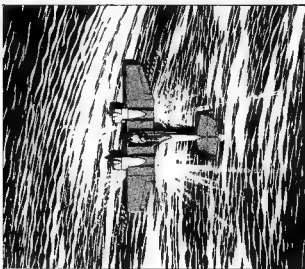
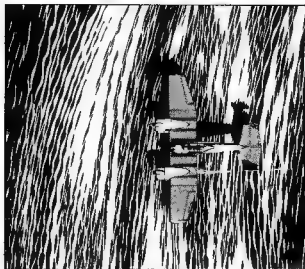
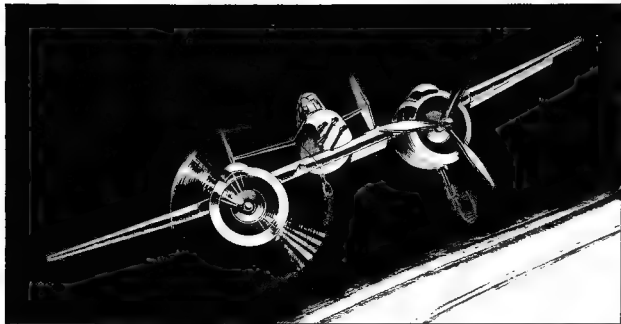
AN ATTEMPT WAS MADE TO FORM
ANOTHER CAMP IN JOHNSTOWN,
PENNSYLVANIA. IT FAILED ALONG
WITH A REQUEST TO SET UP A
CAMP IN MEXICO. DEPRIVED OF
EFFECTIVE LEADERSHIP AND ABOVE
ALL THE SENSE
OF PURPOSE
AND CLARITY
THAT THE
OCCUPATION
OF THE
CAPITOL HAD
PROVIDED
THE BONUS
ARMY FADED
AWAY









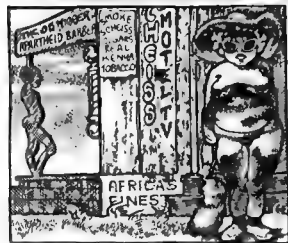






TO REED CRANDALL,
WHOSE ARTISTRY
BROUGHT **BLACKHAWK**
TO LIFE... AND TO
BLACKHAWK, WHO
DESERVED A MERCI-
FUL END LONG AGO.

A GIRL AWAKENING TO NEW WAYS HAS MUCH TO LEARN. A GUT-LEVEL EXPERIENCE CAN GRAB AT ONE DEEP IN THE BELLY.



THE SUN IS MERCILESS, WHITE WEEDY LAND STRETCHES FOREVER
AHEAD. THE GIRAFFE'S ODOR IS ATTRACTING PREDATORY CATS.



IT'S WHISPERED THAT THE DRIVER IS LOST. TIME AND TIME
AGAIN SHE HAS DRIVEN AIMLESSLY OVER THE SAME
LANDMARKS.



PLEASE / LETS STOP
TO EAT AND REST. THE
BOY HAS PASSED OUT.



YEAH, DOES TASTE
FUNNY.



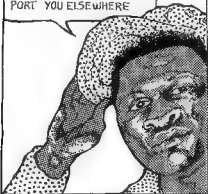
I CAN'T EAT THIS
SHIT. IT'S NOT
TEN!

STOMACHS DISTENDED WITH SPOILED
FOOD, PASSENGERS NAP AND DREAM OF
COOL SHADE.



BA BOPE, USU KANGELA NXA KUL'O
KUDHLA KUMBE IMI BHOBO
PAKATI KWE JIPI!

I JUST TOLD MY MEN
TO LOOK IN YOUR ROVER.
I KNOW YOU'RE TOURISTS
BUT WE HAVE TO TRANS-
PORT YOU ELSEWHERE



YOU MACHO QUEEN!
WHEN I GET HOME
THIS GROUP'S REP
WILL BE RUINED
IN NEW YORK!



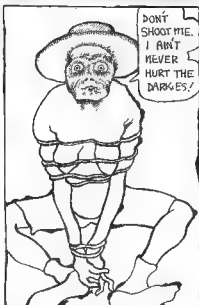
CHIKURU MIDZA!

HEY!
GET YER GUN
OUTA MY ASS!



HEY, BUD!
I'M LOSIN' MY
GRIP, SLOW
DOWN!

DON'T
SHOOT ME.
I AIN'T
NEVER
HURT THE
DARGES!



URI MU FUNDISI HERE?

YES, I'M A PRIEST, WHY
THE PFUTI, THE GUN?



NDIPE MWANA!



TARISA MAZAMO AYA!



MUYEKELE!

THANDU SMITH'S POLICE
HAVE INVADDED NYAMBILI
VILLAGE. THEY'RE TORT-
URING FOR INFORMATION



CAN I GO?

IF YOU
WISH

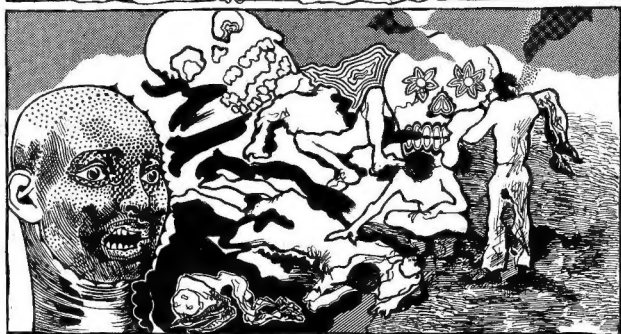


CAN YOU
BANDAGE
AND GIVE
MEDICATION?

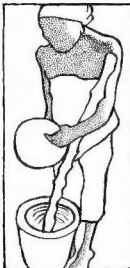
I, I GUESS



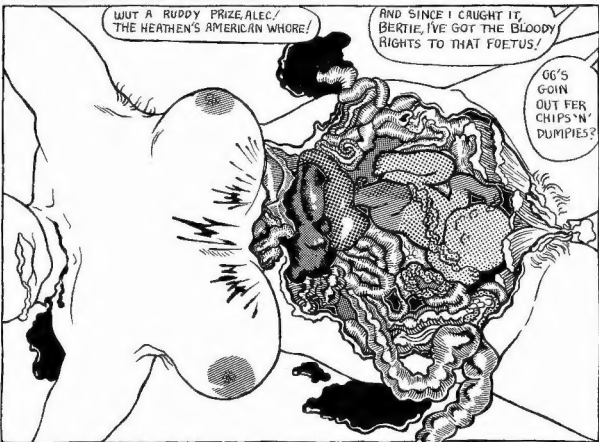
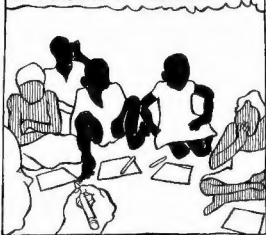
AFTER KILLING FAMILIES IN A SURPRISE ATTACK, SMITH'S SOLDIERS ARE SETTING FIRE TO CATTLE AND HUTS, LEAVING THE REMAINS AS AN EXAMPLE FOR ALL GROUPS OF MILITANT REBELS.



THIS IS A PHOTO OF THANDO'S WOM-
AN A MONTH AWAY FROM MOTHERHOOD.



VELMA IS TEACHING ARITHMETIC TO KIDS
SURVIVING RECENT MASSACRES.



WUT A RUDDY PRIZE, ALEC/
THE HEATHEN'S AMERICAN WHORE!

AND SINCE I CAUGHT IT,
BERTIE, I'VE GOT THE BLOODY
RIGHTS TO THAT FOETUS!

OG'S
GOIN
OUT FER
CHIPS 'N'
DUMPIES?

THE LIBERATION FORCES ARE DETERMINED THAT THE PEOPLE OF
ZIMBABWE WILL NOT
THANDO TAKAWIRA

ZIMBABWE WILL NOT
THANDO TAKAWIRA

